

Peirs Gaueston
EARLE OF
CORNWALL.

His life, death, and fortune.

Effugiunt auidos carmina sola rogos.



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To the vvorthy and ho-
norable Gentleman, Maister Henry
Caundish, Esquire.



Ime-enobled Gentleman,
and euer-honoured Ma. Caun-
dish, highly esteeming you (in
mine owne opinion,) amongst the
number of those, who for theyr
rare deserts and excellencie of
their minds, (in this world-decli-
ning age,) haue their names registred in the Catilogue
of the most worthiest of this time, as a kinde Mæcenas
to Schollers, & a fauourer of learning and Arts: which
shall engraue your name with the Diamond of Fame in
the Christall mirror of Heauen. I present to your iudi-
ciall view, the tragicall discourse, of the life, death, and
fortune of PEIRS GAVESTON, whose name
bath been obscured so many yeeres, and ouer-past by the
Tragædians of these latter times: assuring my selfe your
honourable patronage shall protect him, against the
ij. Art-bating

THE EPISTLE.

Art-bating humorists of this malicious time, whose envious thoughts (like Quails) feed only on poyson, snarling (like doggs) at euery thing which neuer so little disagreeeth from their owne Stoicall dispositions.

Thus confirming my selfe in your fauourable and gracious acceptance of my Muse, which in my loue I euer consecrate to your honorable House, I wish you that happines, which is due to your own worth and good desart.

Your euer affectionate,

Michaell Drayton.



Peirs Gaueston.

From gloomy shaddowe of eternall night,
Where cole-black darknes keeps his lothsome cel,
And from those Ghostes, whose eyes abhorre the light,
From thence I come a wofull tale to tell:

Prepare the Stage, I meane to acte my parte,
Sighing the scenes from my tormented hart.

From *Strygian* lake, to gracelesse soules assign'd,
And from the floud of burning *Acheron*,
Where sinfull spirites are by the fier refine,
The fearefull Ghost of wofull *Gaueston*:

With black-fac'd furies from the graues attended,
Vntill the tenor of my tale be ended.

Wing-footed *Fame* now sommons me from death,
In Fortunes triumph to aduance my glorie,
The blessed Heauens againe doe lend me breath,
Whilst I reporte this dolefull Tragick storie:

That soule and bodie, which death once did sunder,
Now meete together to reporte a wonder.

Peirs Gauenston.

O purple-buskind *Pallas* most diuine
Let thy bright fauchion lend me Cypresse bowes,
Be thou assistinge to this *Poet* of mine,
And with thy tragicke garland girte his browes,
Pitying my case, when none would heare me weepe
To tell my cares hath layde his owne to sleepe.

You mournfull maydens of the sacred nine,
You destinies which haunt the shades beneath,
To you fayre muses I my playnts resign,
To you black spirits I my woes bequeath,
With sable pens of direfull ebonie
To open the processe of my tragedie.

Drawe on the lines which shall report my life
With weeping words distilling from thy pen,
Where woes abound and ioyes are passing rife,
A verie meteor in the eies of men,
Wherein the world a wonder-world may see
Of heauen-bred ioye and hell-nurst miserie.

Declare my ebs, my often swelling tide,
Now tell my calmes, and then report my showres,
My winters stormes, and then my summers pride,
False fortunes smiles, then her dissembling lowres,
The height wherto my glorie did ascend:
Then poynt the period where my ioyes did end.

When

Piers Gaueſton.

When famous *Edward* wore the english crowne
Victorious *Longſhankes* flower of chiuallric,
First of his name that raignd in *Albion*,
Through worlds renownd to all posteritie:
My youth began, and then began my blis,
Euen in his daies, those blessed daies of his.

O daies, no daies, but little worlds of mirth:
O yeares, no yeares, time ſliding with a trice:
O world, no world, a verie heauen on earth:
O earth, no earth, a verie paradise:
A King, a man, nay more then this was hee,
If earthly man, more then a man might bee.

Such a one he was, as *Englands Beta* is,
Such as ſhe is, euen ſuch a one was he,
Betwixt her rareſt excellence and his
Was neuer yet ſo neare a *Sympathy*,
To tell your worth, and to giue him his due,
I ſay my ſoueraigne, he was like to you.

His court a ſchoole, where artes were daily red,
And yet a campe where armes were exerciſed,
Vertue and learning here were nourished,
And ſtratagems by ſouldiers ſtill deuised:
Heere ſkilfull ſchoolmen were his counſaylors,
Schollers his captaines, captaines *Senators*.

Peirs Ganeſton.

Here ſprang the roote of true gentilitie,
Vertue was clad in gold and crownd with honor,
Honor intituled to Nobilitie,
Admired ſo of all that looked on her :
Wiſedome, not wealth, poſſeſſed wiſemens roomes,
Vnfitting baſe inſinuating groomes.

Then Machiuels were loth'd as filthie toades,
And good men as rare pearles were richly prized,
The learned were accounted little Gods,
The vileſt Atheiſt as the plague deſpiſed:
Deſert then gaynd, that vertues merit craues,
And artles Peſants ſcorn'd as baſeſt ſlaues.

Pride was not then, which all things ouerwhelms:
Promotion was not purchaſed with gold,
Men hew'd their honor out of ſteeled helms :
In thoſe dayes fame with bloud was bought and ſold,
No petti-fogger pol'd the poore for pence,
Theſe dolts, theſe dogs, as traytors baniſht hence.

Then was the Souldier prodigall of bloud,
His deedes eternizd by the Poets pen:
Who would not dye to doe his countrey good,
When after death his fame yet liu'd to men?
Then learning liu'd with liberalitie,
And men were crownd with immortalitie.

Graunt

Peirs Gaueston.

Graunt pardon then vnto my wandring ghost,
Although I seeme lasciuious in my prayse,
And of perfection though I seeme to boast,
Whilst here on earth I trod this weary maze,
Whilst yet my soule in bodie did abide,
And whilst my flesh was pampred here in pride.

My valiant father was in *Gascoyne* borne,
A man at armes, and matchles with his launce,
A Souldier vow'd, and to King *Edward* sworne,
With whom he seru'd in all his wars in *Fraunce*,
His goods and lands he pawnd and layd to gage
To follow him, the wonder of that age.

And thus himselfe he from his home exil'd,
Who with his sword sought to aduance his fame,
With me his ioy, but then a little child,
Vnto the Court of famous *England* came,
Whereas the King, for seruice he had done,
Made me a page vnto the Prince his sonne.

My tender youth yet scarce crept from the shell,
Vnto the world brought such a wonderment,
That all perfection seem'd in me to dwell,
And that the heauens me all their graces lent:
Some sware I was the quintessence of nature,
And some an Angell, and no earthly creature.

Peirs Gaueston.

The heauens had lim'd my face with such a die
As made the curiost eie on earth amazed,
Tempring my lookes with loue and maiestie,
A miracle to all that euer gazed,
So that it seem'd some power had in my birth,
Ordained me his Image here on earth.

O bewtious vernish of the heauens aboue,
Pure grain-dy'd colour of a perfect birth,
O fairest tincture adamant of loue,
Angell-hewd blush the prospectiue of mirth,
O sparkling luster ioying humaine sight,
Liues ioy, hearts fire, Loues nurse, the soules delight.

As purple-tressed *Titan* with his beames,
The sable cloudes of night in sunder cleaueth
Enameling the earth with golden streames,
When he his crimson Canopie vpheaueth,
Such was my beauties pure translucent rayes,
Which cheerd the Sun, & cleerd the drouping dayes.

My lookes perswading orators of Loue,
My speech diuine infusing harmonic,
And euery worde so well could passion moue,
So were my gestures grac'd with modestie,
As where my thoughts intended to surprize,
I easly made a conquest with mine eyes.

Peirs Gaueston.

A gracious minde a passing louely eye,
A hand that gaue, a mouth that neuer vaunted,
A chaste desire, a tongue that would not lye,
A lyons heart, a courage neuer daunted,
A sweet conceit in such a cariage placed
As with my gesture all my words were graced.

Such was the worke which nature had begonne,
As promised a gem of wondrous price,
This little star foretold a glorious sunne,
This curious plot an earthly paradise,
This globe of bewtie wherin all might see
An after world of wonders here in mee.

As in the *Autumnall* season of the yeare,
Some death-presaging comet doth arise,
Or some prodigious meteor doth appeare,
Or fearfull *Chasma* vnto humaine eyes:
Euen such a wonder was I to behold
Where heauen seem'd all her secrets to vnfold.

If cunning'st pensill-man that euer wrought
By skilfull arte of secret sumetry,
Or the diuine *Idea* of the thought
With rare descriptions of high poesy,
Should all compose a body and a mind,
Such a one seem'd I, the wonder of my kind.

With

Peirs Gaueston.

With this fayre bayte I filht for *Edward's* loue,
My daintie youth so pleasd his princely eye :
Here sprang the league which time could not remoue,
So deeply grafted in our Infancie,
That frend, nor foe, nor life, nor death could funder,
So seldome scene, and to the world a wonder.

O heauenly concord, musicke of the minde,
Touching the heart-strings with such harmonie,
The ground of nature, and the law of kinde,
Which in coniunction doe so well agree,
Whose reuolution by effect doth proue,
That mortall men are made diuine by loue.

O strong combining chaine of secrecie,
Sweet ioy of heauen, the Angels oratorie,
The bond of faith, the seale of sanctitie,
The soules true blisse, youths solace, ages glorie,
An endles league, a bond thats neuer broken,
A thing diuine, a word with wonder spoken.

With this fayre Bud of that same blessed Rose,
Edward surnam'd *Carnaruan* by his birth,
Who in his youth it seem'd that Nature chose
To make the like, whose like was not on earth,
Had not his lust and my lasciuious will
Made him and me the instruments of ill.

With

Peirs Gauenston.

With this sweete Prince, the mirror of my blisse,
My soules delight, my ioy, my fortunes pride,
My youth enioyd such perfect happines,
Whil'st tutors care, his wandring yeares did guide,
As his affections on my thoughts attended,
And with my life, his ioyes began and ended.

Whether it were my beauties excellence,
Or rare perfections that so pleas'd his eye,
Or some diuine and heauenly influence,
Or naturall attracting *Sympathie* :
My pleasing youth became his senses obiect,
Where all his passions wrought vpon this subiect.

Thou Arke of Heauen, where wonders are inroled,
O depth of nature, who can looke vnto thee?
O who is he that hath thy doome controuled?
Or hath the key of reason to vndoe thee:
Thy workes diuine which powers alone doe knowe,
Our shallow wittes too short for things belowe.

The soule diuine by her integritye,
And by the functionous agents of the minde,
Cleer-sighted, so perceiueth through the eye,
That which is pure and pleasing to her kinde,
And by hir powrfull motions apprehendeth,
That which beyond our humaine sence extendeth.

Peirs Gauenston.

This *Edward* in the Aprill of his age,
Whil'st yet the Crowne sate on his fathers head,
My *Ioue* with me, his *Ganimes*, his page,
Frolick as May, a lustic life we led :

He might commaund, he was my Soueraigns sonne,
And what I saide, by him was euer done.

My words as lawes, Autentique he alloude,
Mine yea, by him was neuer crost with no,
All my conceite as currant he auowde,
And as my shadowe still he serued so,
My hand the racket, he the tennis ball,
My voyces echo, answering euery call.

My youth the glasse where he his youth beheld,
Roses his lipps, my breath sweete *Nectar* showers,
For sn my face was natures fayrest field,
Richly adorn'd with Beauties rarest flowers.

My breast his pillow, where he laide his hed,
Mine eyes his booke, my bosome was his bed.

My smiles were life, and Heauen vnto his sight,
All his delight concluding my desier,
From my sweete sunne, he borrowed all his light,
And as a flie play'd with my beauties fier,
His loue-sick lippes at euery kissing qualme,
Cling to my lippes, to cure their grieve with balme.

Like

Peirs Gauenston.

Like as the wanton Yuie with his twyne,
Whenas the Oake his rootlesse bodie warmes,
The straightest saplings strictly doth combyne,
Clipping the woodes with his laciuious armes:
Such our imbraces when our sporte begins,
Lapt in our armes, like *Ledas* louely Twins.

Or as Loue-nursing *Venus* when she sportes,
With cherry-lipt *Adonis* in the shade,
Figuring her passions in a thousand sortes,
With sighes, and teares, or what else might perswade,
Her deere, her sweete, her ioy, her life, her loue,
Kissing his browe, his cheeke, his hand, his gloue.

My bewtie was the Load-starre of his thought,
My lookes the Pilot to his wandring eye,
By me his senses all a sleepe were brought,
When with sweete loue I sang his lullaby.
Nature had taught my tongue her perfect time,
Which in his eare stroake duely as a chyme.

With sweetest speech, thus could I syranize,
Which as strong *Thilters* youtnes desire could moue,
And with such method could I rhetorize,
My musick plaied the measures to his loue:
In his faire brest, such was my soules impression,
As to his eyes, my thoughts made intercession.

Piers Gaveston.

Thus like an *Eagle* seated in the sunne,
But yet a *Phenix* in my soueraigns eye,
We act with shame, our reuels are begunne,
The wise could iudge of our *Catastrophe*:
But we proceede to play our wanton prize,
Our mournfull Chorus was a world of eyes.

The table now of all delight is layd,
Seru'd with what banquets bewtie could deuise,
The *Sirens* singe, and false *Calypso* playd,
Our feast is grac'd with youthes swēete comœdies,
Our looks with smiles, are sooth'd of euery eye,
Carrousing loue in boules of luoric.

Fraught with delight, and safely vnder sayle,
Like flight-wing'd Faucons now we take our scope,
Our youth and fortune blowe a mery gale,
We loose the anchor of our vertues hope:
Blinded with pleasure in this lustfull game,
By ouersight discard our King with shame.

My youthfull pranks, are spurs to his desire,
I held the raynes, that rul'd the golden sunne,
My blandishments were fewell to his fyer,
I had the garland whosocuer wonne:
I waxt his winges and taught him art to flye,
Who on his back might beare me through the skye.

Here

Peirs Ganeslon.

Here first that sun-bright temple was defild,
Which to faire vertue first was consecrated,
This was the fruite, wherewith I was beguild,
Heere first the deede of all my fame was dated:
O me! euen heere from paradise I fell,
From Angels state, from heauen, cast downe to hell

Loe here the verie Image of perfection,
With the blacke penfill of defame is blotted,
And with the vlcers of my youths infection,
My innocencie is besmer'd, and spotted:
Now comes my night, ô now my day is done,
These sable cloudes eclipse my rising sunne.

Our innocence, our child-bred puritie
Is now defilde and as our dreames forgot,
Drawne in the coach of our securitie:
What act so vile, that we attempted not?
Our sun-bright vertues fountaine-cleer beginning,
Is now polluted by the filth of sinning.

O wit too wilfull, first by heauen ordayn'd,
An Antidote by vertue made to cherish,
By filthy vice, as with a mole art stayn'd,
A poyson now by which the senses perish:
That made of force, all vices to controule,
Defames the life, and doth confound the soule.

Peirs Gaueston.

The Heauens to see my fall doth knit her browes,
The vaulty ground vnder my burthen groneth,
Vnto mine eyes, the ayre my light allowes,
The very winde my wickednesse bemoneth:
The barren earth repineth at my foode,
And Nature scemes to curse her beastly broode.

And thus like slaues we sell our soules to sinne,
Vertue forgot by worldes deceitfull trust,
Alone by pleasure are we entred in,
Now wandring in the labyrinth of lust,
For when the soule is drowned once in vice,
The sweete of sinne, makes hell a paradise.

O Pleasure thou, the very lure of sinne,
The roote of woe, our youthes deceitfull guide,
A shop where all confected poysons been,
The bayte of lust, the instrument of pride,
Inchanting *Circes*, smoothing couer-guile,
A luring *Siren*, flattering Crockodile.

Our *Joue* which sawe his *Phæbus* youth betrayde,
And *Phaeton* guide the sunne-carre in the skies,
Knewe well the course with danger hardly staide,
For what is not perceu'd by wise-mens eyes?
He knew these pleasures posts of our desire,
Might by misguiding set his throne on fier.

This

Peirs Gaveston.

This was a corſiue to King *Edwards* dayes,
Theſe iarring diſcords quite vntund his mirth,
This was the paine that neuer gaue him eaſe,
If euer hell, this was his hell on earth:

This was the burthen which he groned vnder,
This pincht his ſoule, and rent his heart in ſunder.

This venom ſuckt the marrowe from his bones,
This was the canker which conſum'd his yeares,
This fearfull viſion, ſild his ſleepe with grones,
This winter ſnowd downe froſt vpou his hayres:

This was the moth, this was the fretting ruſt,
Which ſo conſum'd his glorie vnto duſt,

The humor found, which fed this foule diſeaſe
Muſt needes be ſtay'd, ere help could be deuſ'd,
The vaine muſt breath the burning to appeaſe,
Hardly a cure, the wound not cauteriſ'd:

That member now wherein the botch was riſen
Infeſteth all not cured by incifion.

The cauſe coniectur'd by this prodigie,
From whence this foule contagious ſickneſs grue,
Wiſdome alone muſt giue a remedie,
For to preuent the danger to inſue:

The cauſe muſt end, ere the effect could ceaſe,
Elſe might the danger dayly more increaſe.

Now

Piers Gaueston.

Now those whose eyes to death enuide my glorie,
Whose fastie still vpon my down-fall stood,
These, these, could comment on my youthfull storie,
These were the wolues which thirsted for my blood:
These all vnlade their mischiefes at this baye,
And make the breach to enter my decaye.

These cures that liu'd by carrion of the court,
These wide-mouth'd hel-hounds long time kept at bay,
Finding the King to credit their reporte,
Like greedie rauens follow for their pray:
Dispightfull *Langton* fauorite to the King,
Was he which first, me in disgrace could bring.

Such as beheld this lightning from aboue,
My Princely *Ioue* from out the ayre to thunder:
This earth-quake which did my foundation moue,
This boystrous storme, this vnexpected wounder,
They thought my sunne had bin eclipsed quite,
And all my day now turn'd to winters night.

My youth embowel'd by their curious eyes,
Whose true reportes my life anatomis'd,
Who still pursu'd me like deceitfull spyes,
To crosse that which I wantonly deuise'd:
Perceauce the traine me to the trap had led,
And downe they come like haylestones on my head.
My

Peirs Gaueston.

My Sonne eclips'd, ech Starre becomes a Sunne,
When *Phæbus* fayles, then *Cynthia* shineth bright,
These furnish vp the Stage, my act is done
Which were but Gloe-wormes to my glorious light,
Those erst condemn'd by my perfections doome,
In *Phæbus* chariot, now possesse my roome.

The Commons swore, I led the Prince to vice,
The Nobles said that I abus'd the King,
Graue Matrons such as lust could not intice,
Like women whispred of another thing:
Such as could not aspire vnto my place,
These were suborn'd to offer me disgrace.

The staffe thus broke, whereon my youth did stay,
And with the shaddowe all my pleasures gone:
Now with the windes my ioyes flecte hence away,
The silent night makes musik to my moane,
The tatling ecchoes whispering with the ayre,
Vnto my wordes sound nothing but despayre.

The frowning Heauens are all in fables clad,
The Planet of my liues misfortune raineth:
No musick serues a dying soule to glad,
My wrong to Tirants for redresse complaineth:
To ease my paine there is no remedie,
So farre despayre exceeds extremitie.

Peirs Gaweſton.

Why doe I quake my down-fall to reporte?
Tell on my gholt, the ſtorie of my woe,
The King commaunds, I muſt depart the court,
I aſke no queſtion, he will haue it ſo:
The Lyons roring, leſſer beaſtes doe feare,
The greateſt flye, when he approcheth neare.

My Prince is now appointed to his guarde,
As from a traytor he is kept from me,
My baniſhment already is prepaarde,
Away I muſt, there is no remedie:
On paine of death I may no longer ſtay,
Such is reuenge which brooketh no delaye.

The ſkies with cloudes are all inuelloped,
The pitchie fogs eclipse my cheerfull Sunne,
The geatie night hath all her curtaines ſpred
And all the ayre with vapours ouerrun:
Wanting thoſe rayes whoſe cleernes lent me light,
My ſun-ſhine day is turn'd to black-fac'd night.

Like to the birde of *Ledaes* lemmans die,
Beating his breaſt againſt the ſiluer ſtreame,
The fatall prophet of his deſtinie,
With mourning chants, his death approching theame:
So now I ſing the dirges of my fall
The Anthemes of my fatall funerall.

Or

Peirs Gauenston.

Or as the faithfull Turtle for her make
Whose youth enioyd her deere virginirie,
Sits shrouded in some melancholie brake
Chirping forth accents of her miserie,
Thus halfe distracted sitting all alone,
With speaking sighs, to vtter forth my mone.

My bewtie s'dayning to behold the light
Now weather-beaten with a thousand stormes,
My daintie lims must trauaile day and night,
Which oft were lulde in princely *Edwards* armes,
Those eyes where bewtie sate in all her pride,
With fearefull objects fild on euery side.

The Prince so much astonisht with the blowe,
So that it seem'd as yet he felt no paine,
Vntill at length awakned by his woe,
He sawe the wound by which his ioyes were slaine,
His cares fresh bleeding fainting more and more,
No Cataplasma now to cure the sore.

Now weepe mine eyes, and lend me teares at will,
You sad-musde sisters help me to indite,
And in your faire *Castalia* bathe my quill,
In bloodie lines whilst I his woes recite,
Inspire my muse O Heauens now from aboue,
To painte the passions of a princely loue.

Peirs Gaueston.

His eyes about their rouling Globes doe cast,
To finde that Sunne, from whom they had their light,
His thoughtes doe labor for that sweete repast,
Which past the daye, and pleasd him all the night :
He countes the howers, so floly how they runne,
Reproues the daye, and blames the loytring funne.

As gorgious *Phæbus* in his first vprise
Discouering now his Scarlet-coloured head,
By troublous motions of the lowring Skies
His glorious beames with fogges are ouerspred,
So are his cheereful browes eclips'd with sorrowe,
Which cloud the shine of his youths-smiling morrow.

Now showring downe a flud of brackish teares,
The Epithemaes to his hart-swolne grieffe,
Then sighing out a vollue of dispayres,
Which onely is th' afflicted mans reliefe :
Now wanting sighes, and all his teares were spent,
His tongue brake out into this sad lament.

O breake my hart quoth he, O breake and dye,
Whose infant thoughts were nurst with sweete delight;
But now the Inne of care and miserie,
Whose pleasing hope is murthered with despight :
O end my dayes, for now my ioyes are done,
Wanting my *Peirs*, my sweetest *Gaueston*.

Farewell

Peirs Gaueston.

Farewell my Loue, companion of my youth,
My soules delight, the subiect of my mirth,
My second selfe if I reporte the truth,
The rare and onely *Phenix* of the earth,
Farewell sweete friend, with thee my ioyes are gone,
Farewell my *Peirs*, my louely *Gaueston*.

What are the rest but painted Imagrie,
Dumbe Idols made to fill vp idle roomes,
But gaudie anticks, sportes of foolerie,
But fleshly coffins, goodly gilded tombes,
But puppets which with others words replie,
Like pratling ecchoes soothing euery lie?

O damned world, I scorne thee and thy worth,
The very source of all iniquitie:
An ougly damme that brings such monsters forth,
The maze of death, nurse of impietie,
A filthie sinke, where lothsomnes doth dwell,
A labyrinth, a iayle, a very hell.

Deceitfull *Siren* traytor to my youth,
Bane to my blisse, false theefe that stealst my ioyes:
Mother of lyes, sworne enemy to truth,
The ship of fooles fraught all with gaudes and toyes,
A vessell stufte with foule hypocrisie,
The very temple of Idolatrie.

Piers Gaueslon.

O earth-pale Saturne most maleuolent
Combustious Planet, tyrant in thy raigne,
The sworde of wrath, the roote of discontent,
In whose ascendant all my ioyes are slaine:
Thou executioner of foule bloodie rage,
To act the will of lame decrepit age.

My life is but a very mappe of woes,
My ioyes the fruite of an vntimely birth,
My youth in labour with vnkindly throwes,
My pleasures are like plagues that raigne on earth,
All my delights like streames that swiftly run,
Or like the dewe exhaled by the Sun.

O Heauens why are you deafe vnto my mone?
S'dayne you my prayers? or scorne to heare my misse?
Cease you to moue, or is your pittie gone?
Or is it you that rob me of my blisse?
What are you blinde, or winke and will not see?
Or doe you sporte at my calamitie?

O happie climat whatsoere thou be
Cheerd with those sunnes the fayr'st that euer shone,
Which hast those Stars which guide my destinie,
The brightest lamps in all the Horizon,
O happie eyes that see which most I lacke,
The pride and bewtie of the Zodiacke.

Peirs Gaweſton.

O bleſſed fountaine ſource of all delight,
O ſacred ſparke that kindleſt Virtues fier !
The perfect obieſt of the pureſt ſight,
The ſuperficies of true loues deſire,
The very touchſtone of all ſweete conceite,
On whom all graces euermore awaite.

Thus whiſt his youth in all theſe ſtormes was toſt,
And whiſt his ioyes lay ſpeechles in a traunce,
His ſweete content with ſuch vnkindnes croſt,
And lowring Fortune ſeem'd to looke askance :
Too weake to ſwim againſt the ſtreamfull time,
Fore-told their fall which now fought moſt to clime.

Camelion-like, the world thus turns her hue,
And like *Proteus* puts on ſundry ſhapes,
One haſtes to clime, another doth enſue,
One falſ, another for promotion gapes:
Flockmell they ſwarme like flies about the brim,
Some drowne whiſt others with great danger ſwim.

And ſome on whome the Sunne ſhon paſſing fayre,
Yet of their ſummer nothing ſeeme to vaunte,
They ſawe their fall preſaged by the ayre,
If once this planet were predominant:
Thus in their gate they flew with wings of feare,
And ſtill with care doe purchaſe honor deere.

Thus

Peirs Gaueston.

Thus restless Time that neuer turnes againe,
Whose winged feete are sliding with the Sunne,
Brings Fortune in to act another scene
By whome the plot alreadie is begunne,
The argument of this same tragedie,
Is Virtues fall to raise vp infamie.

The brute is blowne, the King doth now pretend,
A long-look'd voyage to the Holy-land,
For which his subiects mightie sums doe lend,
And whilst the thing is hotly thus in hand,
Blinde Fortune turnes about her fickle wheele,
And breaks the prop which makes the building reele.

I feare to speake, yet speake I must perforce,
My wordes be turn'd to teares euen as I write,
Mine eyes doe yet behold his dying corse,
And on his hearse me thinkes I still indyte:
My paper is hard sable *Ebon* wood,
My pen of Iron, and my inke is blood.

Loc here, the time drue on of *Edwards* death,
Loc here, the dolefull period of his yeares,
O now he yceldeth vp that sacred breath,
For whom the Heauens do shower down fluds of teares
For whom the Sunne, euen mourning hides his face,
For whom the earth was all to vile and base.

May

Peirs Gaueston.

May I reporte his dolefull obsequie,
When as my Ghost doth tremble at his name?
Faine would I write, but as I write I die,
My ioyntes apald with feare, my hand is lame,
I leaue it to some sacred muse to tell,
Vpon whose life a Poets pen might dwell.

No sooner was his body wrapt in lead
And that his mournfull funerals were done,
But that the Crowne was set on *Edwards* head,
Sing *I-o* now my ghost, the storme is gone:
The winde blowes right, loe yonder breakes my day,
Caroll my muse, and now sing care away.

Carnaruan now cals home within a while
Whom worthie *Long-shankes* hated to the death,
Whom *Edward* swore should dye in his exile,
He was as deere to *Edward* as his breath,
This *Edward* lou'd that *Edward* loued not,
Kings wils performd: and dead mens words forgot.

Now waft me winde vnto the blessed Ile,
Rock me my ioyes, loue sing me with delight,
Now sleepe my thoughts, cease sorrowe for a while,
Now end my care, come day, farwell my night:
Sweet fences now act euery one his part,
Loe here the balme that hath recur'd my hart.

E

Loe

Peirs Gauenston.

Loe now my *Joue* in his ascendant is
In the æstiuall solstice of his glorie,
Now all the Stars prognosticate my blis,
And in the Heauen all eyes may reade my storie,
My comet now worlds wonder thus appeers
Foretelling troubles of insuing yeeres.

Now am I mounted with fames golden wings,
And in the Tropick of my fortunes height,
My flood maintayned with a thousand springs,
Now on my back supporting *Atlas* weight:
All tongues and pens attending on my prayse,
Sur-named now, the wonder of our dayes.

Who euer sawe the kindest romane dame
With extreame ioy yeeld vp her latest breath,
When from the warres her sonne triumphing came,
When stately *Rome* had mourned for his death:
Her passion here might haue exprest aright,
When once I came into the Princes sight.

Who euer had his Ladie in his armes,
That hath of loue but felt the miserie,
Touching the fire that all his senses warmes,
Now clips with ioy her blushing Iuorie.
Feeling his soule in such delights to melt,
Ther's none but he can tell the ioye, we felt.

Like

Peirs Gaueston.

Like as when *Phæbus* darteth forth his rayes,
Gliding along the swelling *Ocean* streames,
Now whilst one billowe with another playes,
Reflecteth back his bright translucent beames:
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes
Sending forth lookes as teares doe fall and rise.

It seem'd the ayre deuise to please my sight,
The whistling winde makes musick to my tale,
All things on earth now feast me with delight,
The world to me sets all her wealth to sale:
Who now rules all in courte but I alone,
Who highly grac'd but onely *Gaueston*?

Now like to *Mydas* all I touch is gould,
The cloudes doe shower downe gould into my lap,
If I but winke the mightiest are controulde,
Plac'd on the turret of my highest hap:
My cofers now, euen like to *Oceans* are,
To whom all floods by course doe still repayre.

With bountie now he franckly seales his loue,
And to my hands yeelds vp the Ile of *Man*,
By such a gifte his kingly minde to proue,
This was the earnest wherewith he began:
Then *Valingford* Queene *Elnores* stately dower,
With many a towne, and many a goodly tower.

Peirs Gauenston.

And all those sums his father had preparde
By way of taxes for the holy land,
He gaue me francklie as my due rewarde:
In bountie thus, it seemd he pleasd his hand,
Which made the worlde to wonder euery houre,
To see me drowned in this golden showre.

Determin'd now to hoyst my sayle amaine,
The Earle of *Cornewall* he created me,
Of *England* then the Lord high Chamberlaine,
Chiefe Secretarie to his Maiestie:

What I deuisd, his treasure euer wrought,
His bountie still so answered to my thought.

Yet more to spice my ioyes with sweete delight,
Bound by his loue aprentice to my pleasure,
Whose eyes still leuel'd how to please my sight,
Whose kindnes euer so exceeded measure,
Deuis'd to quench my thirst with such a drinke
As from my quill drops *Nectar* to my inke.

O sacred Bountie mother of content,
Prop of renowne, the nourisher of arts,
The Crowne of hope, the roote of good euent,
The trumpe of Fame, the ioye of noble harts,
Grace of the Heauens, diuinitie in nature,
Whose excellence doth so adorne the creature.

He

Peirs Gaueston.

He giues his Neece in mariage vnto me
Of Royall blood, for bewtie past compare,
Borne of his sister was this *Bellamie*,
Daughter to *Gilbert* thrice renowned *Clare*,
Chiefe of his house the Earle of *Glocester*,
For Princely worth that neuer had his peere.

Like Heauen-di'd *Andromeda* the fayre,
In her embrodered mantle richly dight,
With Starrie traine inthronis'd in the ayre,
Adorns the *Velken* with her glittering light,
Such one she was, which in my bosome rested, (sted.
With whose deare loue, my youthful yeres were fea-

As when fayre *Ver* dight in her flowrie rayle,
In her new-coloured liueries decks the earth,
And glorious *Tytan* spreads his sun-shine vaile,
To bring to passe her tender infants birth:
Such was her bewtie which I then possesse,
With whose imbracings all my youth was blest.

Whose purest thoughts and spotles chaste desire,
To my affections still so pleasing were,
Neuer yet toucht with sparke of *Venus* fier,
As but her breast I thought no Heauen but there:
To none more like then fayre *Idea* she,
The very image of all chastitic.

Peirs Gaueston.

O chastitie, that guiste of blessed soul's,
Comfort in death, a crowne vnto the life,
Which all the passions of the minde controul's
Adornes the mayde, and bewtifies the wife:

That grace, the which nor death, nor time attaints,
Of earthly creatures making heauenly Saints.

O Virtue which no muse can poetize
Fayre Queene of *England* which with thee doth rest,
Which thy pure thoughts doe onely exercize,
And is impressed in thy royall breast,
Which in thy life disciphered is alone,
Whose name shall want a fit Epitheton.

The Heauens now seeme to frolick at my feaste,
The Stars as handmayds, seruing my desires,
Now loue full fed with bewtie takes his rest,
To whom content, for saftie thus retiers:
The ground was good, my footing passing sure,
My dayes delightsome, and my life secure.

Loe thus ambition creepes into my breast,
Pleasing my thoughts with this emperious humor,
And with this diuell being once posselt,
Mine eares are fild with such a buzzing rumor,
As onely pride my glorie doth awaite,
My senses sooth'd with euerie selfe-conceite.

Selfe

Peirs Gaueston.

Selfe-loue, prides thirst, vnsatisfied desier,
A flood that neuer yet had any boundes,
Times pestilence, thou state-consuming fier,
A mischief which all common weales confoundes,
O Plague of plagues, how many kingdomes rue thee,
O happie Empiers that yet neuer knew thee!

And now reuenge which had been smothered long,
Like piercing lightning flasheth from mine eyes,
This word could sound so sweetely on my tonge,
And with my thoughts such Stratagems deuise,
Tickling mine eares with many a pleasing storie,
Which promist wonders and a world of glorie.

For now began the bloodie-rayning broyles
Betweene the barons of the land and me,
Labouring the state with *fxion*-endles toyles
Twixt my ambition and their tyrannie,
Such was the storme this diluge first begun,
With which this Ile was after ouerrun.

O cruell discord foode of deadly hate,
O mortall corsiue to a common weale,
Death-lingring consumption to a state,
A poysoned fore that neuer salue could heale:
O foule contagion deadly killing feuer,
Infecting oft, but to be cured neuer.

By

Peirs Ganeſton.

By courage now imboldned in my ſinne,
Finding my King ſo ſurely linkt to me,
By circumſtance I finely bring him in
To be an actor in this tragedie,
Perſwading him the Barons ſought his blood,
And on what tearmes theſe earth-bred giants ſtood.

And ſo aduancing to my Princes Grace
The baſer ſorte of factious qualitie,
As being raiſed vnto ſuch a place
Might counterpoyle the proude Nobilitie,
And as my agents on my part might ſtand,
Still to ſupport what ere I tooke in hand.

Suborning geſters ſtill to make me mirth,
Vile Sycophants at euery word to ſooth me,
Time-fawning Spaniels, Mermaydes on the earth,
Trencher-fed fools with flattering words to ſmooth me
Baſe Paraſites, theſe elbowe-rubbing mates,
A plague to all laſciuious wanton ſtates.

O filthie monkees vile and beaſtly kinde,
Foule pratling Parats berds of *Harpie* broode,
A coraſiue to euery noble minde,
Vipers that ſuck your mothers deereſt blood,
Miſhapen monſter, worſt of any creature,
A foe to art, an enemy to nature.

The

Peirs Gaueston.

His presence grac't what ere I went about,
His chiefe content was that which liked mee,
What ere I did, his power still bare mee out,
And where I was, there euer-more was hee :
By byrth my Soueraigne, but by loue my thrall,
King *Edwards* Idoll all men did mee call.

Oft would he sette his crowne vpon my head,
And in his chayre sit downe vpon my knee,
And when his eyes with loue were fully fed,
A thousand times he sweetly kissed mee :
When did I laugh? and he not seene to smile?
If I but frownd, hee silent all the while.

But Fortune now vnto my ouer-throwe,
Intic't mee on with her alluring call,
And still deuising how to worke my woe,
One bayte tan'e vp, she let another fall.
Thus Syren-like, she brings me to the bay
Where long before shee plotted my decay.

For now the King to Fraunce doth him prepare,
For marriage with the Princessse *Isabel*,
Daughter to *Phillip* then surnam'd the faire,
Who like to him in beauty did excell ;
Of Tilts and tryumphs euery man reports,
And the vniting of these famous Courts.

F.

And

Peirs Gaweston.

And now the King to rayse me higher yet,
Makes me the Lord-protector of the Land,
And in the Chayre of his estate I sit,
Hee yeelds his Scepter vp into mine hand.
Deuising still how he to passe might bring,
That if he died, I might succeed as King.

His treasure now stood absolute to mee,
I dranck my pleasures in a golden cup,
I spent a vworld, I had abundantly,
As though the earth had cast her bowels vp.
My reckonings cast, my summs were soone enroled,
I was by no man once to be controled.

Now being got as high as I could clyme,
And Fortune made my foote-cloth as I gest,
I paynt me braue with *Tagus* golden flyme,
Because I would enioy what I posslest.
Aluding stil, that he is mad and worse,
Which playes the nyggard with a Princes purse.

And now the King returning with his trayne,
I summond all the chiefe Nobilitie,
And in my pompe, went forth to entertayne
The Peers of Fraunce in all thys ioylitie.
Where, in my carridge were such honours placed,
As with my presence, all the shoues were graced.

Guarded

Peirs Gaueston.

Guarded with troupes of Gallants as I went,
The people crouching still with cap and knee,
My port and personage so magnificent,
That (as a God) the Commons honored mee.
And in my pryde, loe thus I could deuise,
To seeme a wonder vnto all mens eyes.

In rithest Purple rode I all alone,
With Diamonds imbroidered and bedight,
Which lyke the stars in *Gallixia* shone,
Whose luster still reflecting with the light,
Presented heauen to all that euer gazed:
Of force to make a world of eyes amazed.

Vpon a stately Iennet forth I rode,
Caparifond with Pearle-enchased plumes,
Trotting as though the Measures he had trode,
Breathing Arabian Ciuit-sweet perfumes;
Whose rarenes seemd to cast men in a traunce,
Wondred of England, and admir'd of Fraunce.

Like trident-maced *Neptune* in his pride,
Mounted vpon a Dolphin in a storme,
Vpon the tossing billowes forth doth ride,
About whose trayne a thousand *Trytons* swarme,
When *Phæbus* seemes to set the waues on fire,
To shew his glory and the gods desire.

Peirs Gaueston.

Or like vnto the fiery-faced Sunne
Vpon his wagon prauncing in the West,
Whose blushing cheeks with flames seeme ouer-runne
Whilst sweating thus he gallops to his rest.

Such was the glory wherein now I stood,
Which makes the Barrons sweat their deereft blood.

Thus when these gallant companies were met,
The King heer present with his louely Queene,
And all the Nobles in due order set,
To heare and see what could be hard or scene :
Loe heer that kindnes easely is discride,
That faithful loue which hee nor I could hide.

Euen like as *Castor* when a calme begins,
Beholding then his starry-tressed brother,
With mirth and glee these Swan-begotten twins
Presaging ioy, the one embrace the other :
Thus one the other in our armes wee fold,
Our breasts for ioy, our harts could scarcely hold.

Or like the Nimphe beholding in a Well,
Her deereft loue, & wanting words to wooc him,
About his necke with clipped armes she fell,
Where by her fayth the gods conioynd her to him.
Such was the loue which now by signes we breake,
When ioy had tied our tongues, we could not speak.

Thus

Peirs Gaueston.

Thus arme in arme towards London on wee rid,
And like two Lambes we sport in euery place,
Where neither ioy nor loue could well be hid
That might be seal'd with any sweet embrace:
So that his Queene, might by our kindnes proue,
Though shee his Wife, yet I alone his loue.

The Barrons now ambitious at my raigne,
As one that stooode betwixt them and the Sunne.
They vnderhand pursue me with disdaine,
And play the game which I before had wonne:
And malice now so hard the bellows blew,
That through myne eares the sparks of fier flew.

Where in reuenge, the tryumphes they deuisd
To entertaine the King with wondrous cost,
Were by my malice suddainly surprisd,
The charge, their summons, and their honours lost;
Which in their thoughts reuenge so deeply raysed,
As vvith my blood they vow'd should be appeased.

As when within the soft and spungie soyle,
The vvind doth peirce the intrals of the earth,
VVhere hurly burly with a restlesse coile
Shakes all the center, wanting issue forth,
Tyll vvith the tumor Townes and Mountains tremble,
Euen such a meteor doth their rage resemble.

Peirs Gaueston.

Or when the shapeles huge *Leuiathan*,
Hath thrust himselfe vpon the sandie shore,
Where (Monster like) affrighting euery man,
He belloweth out a fearefull hydeous rore :
Euen such a clamor through the ayre doth thunder,
The dolefull presage of some fearefull wonder.

Thus as a plague vnto the gouernment,
A very scourge to the Nobilitie,
The cause of all the Commons discontent,
The Image of all sentialitie,
I was reproched openly of many,
Hated of all, not pittied now of any.

And as a vile misleader of the King,
A wastfull spender of his coyne and treasure,
A secret theefe of many a sacred thing,
A Cormorant, in whom was neuer measure ;
I seemed hatefull now in all mens eyes,
Buzzing about me like a swarme of flies.

Lyke as a clowde, foule, darke, and vgly black,
Threatning the earth with tempest euery howre,
Now broken with a fearefull thunder-crack,
Straight poureth down his deep earth-drenching showre,
Thus for their wrongs now rise they vp in armes,
Or to reuenge, or to amend theyr harmes.

The

Peirs Gaueston.

The King perceiuing how the matter stood,
Himselfe, his Crowne, in this extremity,
And how the Barrons thirsted for my blood,
And seeing now there was no remedy,
That I some vile vntimely death must die,
Or thus, must be exiled presentlie :

A thousand thoughts he hammereth in his head,
Thinking on this, and now againe on that ;
As one deuise is come, another fled,
Some thing he would, and now he knowes not what.
To helpe me now, a thousand meanes he forgeth,
Whilst still with sighes his sorrowes he disgorgeth.

And for I was his very soules delight,
He thought on this, the onely way at last,
In Ireland to hide me out of sight,
Vntill these stormes were ouer-blowne and past.
And in meane time t'appease the Barrons hate,
And so reduce me to my former state.

And to giue place vnto the Barrons rage,
Which flamed like a burning-quenchles brand,
Which nought but my exile could now assuage,
He sendes me post away to Ireland :
And to eschew all danger by the way,
Me safely guarded thither doth conuay.

Peirs Gaueston.

As one whose house in danger to be burn'd,
VVhich he hath builded with exceeding cost,
And all his wealth to earth-pale ashes turn'd,
Taking one Iewell which he loueth most,
To some safe place doth with the same retyre.
Leauing the rest to 'he mercy of the fire.

Or as a Nurse within besieged walls,
Dreading each howre the Souldiours slaughtering knife,
VVithin some place as fittest there befalls,
Hides her sweet babe in hope to saue his life,
Loe thus the King prouideth now for mee
The ioy and pride of his felicitie.

He vvanted words t'expresse what he sustain'd,
Nor could I speake to vtter halfe my wrong,
To shew his grieve, or where I most vvas payn'd,
The time too short, the tale was all too long:
I tooke my leaue with sighes when forth I went,
He streames of teares vnto my farewell sent.

But sending lookes ambassadors of loue,
VVhich as our postes could goe and soone retire,
By whose quicke motion we alone might proue,
Our equall loue did equall like desire:
And that the fire in which we both did burne,
VVas easely quencht in hope of safe returne.

Euen

Peirs Ganeslon.

Lyke to a vessell with a narrow vent,
Which is fild vp with liquor to the top,
Although the mouth be euer eminent,
Yet is it seene not to distyll a drop :

Euen so our breasts, brim-full with pensive care,
Stopping our tongues, with grieve wee silent are.

But when my vvant gaue breath vnto his moane,
And that hys teares had now vntide hys tongue,
With drery sighes all now cleane ouer-blowne,
Which earst (like Fountaines) in abundance sprunge,
Vnto hymselfe, hee thus complaines his grieve,
Sith now the world could yeeld him no reliefe.

O cursed stars (quoth he) that guyde my byrth,
Infernall Torches, Comets of mis-fortune,
Or *Genuus* heer that haunts mee on the earth,
Or hellish fiend that doest my woes importune :
Fate-guiding Heauens, in whose vnlucky moouing,
Stands th' effect of my mishaps approouing.

Tide-ceasles sorrow, which doest ouer-flow,
Youth-withering cares, past compasse of conceite,
Hart-kylling grieve, which more and more doest grow,
And on the Anuile of my hart doest beate,
Death-thirsting rage, styll deadly, mortall, endles,
O poorest Prince ! left desolate and freendles.

G.

Sky-couering

Peirs Gaueston.

Sky-couering clowdes, which thus do ouer-cast,
And at my noone-tide darken all my sun,
Blood-drying sicknes, which my life doest wast.
When yet my glasse is but a quarter run:

My ioy but a phantasme and elusion,
And my delights intending my confusion.

What Planet raignd in that vnluckie howre,
When first I was inuested in the Crowne?
Or hath in my natiuitie such powre,
Or what vile Furie doth attend my Throne?

Or els, what hellish hags be these that haunt mee?
Yet if a King, why should mis-fortune daunt mee?

Am I a Prince? yet to my people subiect,
That should be lou'd? yet thus am left forlorne,
Or daynd to rule? respected as an obiect,
Liue I to see mine honor had in scorne?

Base dunghill mind, that doest such slavery bring,
To liue a pesant, and be borne a King.

The purest steele doth neuer turne at lead,
Nor Oke doth bow at euery winde that blowes,
Nor Lyon from a Lambe doth turne his head,
Nor Eagle frighted with a flock of Crowes:

And yet a King want courage in his breast,
Trembling for feare to see his woes redrest.

Piers Gaueston.

It rather fits a villaine then a state,
To haue his loue on others lykings placed,
Or set his pleasures at so base a rate,
To see the same by euery slaue disgraced ;
A King should euer priuiledge his pleasure,
And make his Peers esteeme it as theyr treasure.

Then rayse thy thoughts, and with thy thoughts thy loue,
Kings want no meanst' accomplissh what they would,
If one doe faile, yet other maist thou proue,
It shames a King, to say, *If that I could.*
Let not thy loue such crosses then sustaine,
But rayse him vp, and call him home againe.

Sweet Gaueston, whose prayse the Angels sing,
Maist thou assure thee of my loue the while ?
Or what maist thou imagin of thy King,
To let thee lyue in yonder brutish Ile ?
My deer, a space this wery world prolong,
He liues, that can and shal reuenge thy wrong.

Thus like a man growne lunatick with paine,
Now in his torments casts hym on his bed,
Then out he runns into the fields againe,
And on the ground doth rest his troubled head.
With such sharpe passions is the King possest,
Which day nor night doth let him take his rest.

Peirs Gaueston.

As Lyon-skind *Alcides*, when he lost
His louely *Hylas*, on hys way from Thrace,
Followes the quest through many an vnknowne coast,
With playnts and out-cryes, wearying euery place,
Thus louely *Edward* fills each place with moane,
Wanting the sight of his sweet *Gaueston*.

Thus lyke a Barge that wants both steere and sayles,
Forc'd with the wind against the streamefull tyde,
From place to place with euery billow hayles,
And (as it haps) from shore to shore doth ryde:
Thus doth my case, thus doth my fortune stand,
Betwixt the King, and Barrens of the Land.

On this *Dilemma* stood my tickle state,
Thus *pro et contra* all men doe dispute,
Precisely ballanc't twixt my loue and hate,
Some doe affyrme, some other doe confute:
Vntill my King, (sweet *Edward*) now at last,
Thus strikes the stroke which makes them all agast.

Now calling such of the Nobility,
As he supposed on his part would stand,
By theyr consent he makes me Deputy.
And being seated thus in *Ireland*,
Of gold and siluer sending me such store,
As made the world to vvonder more and more.

Like

Piers Gaueston.

Lyke great gold-coyning *Crassus* in his health,
Amidst his legion long-mayntaining store,
The glory of the *Romane* Common-wealth,
Feasting the ritch, and gyuing to the poore.

Such was th'aboundance which I then posselt;
Blessed with gold, (if gold could make me blest.)

Where, (like *Lucullus*,) I maintaind a port,
As great god *Bacchus* had been late come downe,
And in all pompe at *Dublin* kept my Court,
As I had had th'reuenewes of a Crowne.

In trayne, in state, and euery other thing,
Attended still as I had been a King.

Of this my vvondrous hospitality,
The Irish yet, vntill this day can boast,
Such was the bounty of a King to mee,
His Chequer then could scarce defray the cost.

His gyfts vvere such, I ioyd in vvhat he sent,
He freely gaue, and I as freely spent.

Few daies there past but some the Channell crost,
With kindest Letters enterlynd vvith loue,
VVheras I stil receiu'd by euery post,
His Ring, his Bracelet, Garter, or his Gloue:

Which I in hostage of his kindnes kept,
Of his pure loue, which liu'd and neuer slept.

Piers Gaueston.

With many a ritch and stately ornament,
Worne by great Kings, of hie and wondrous price,
Or Jewell that my fancie might content,
With many a robe of strange and rare deuice.

That all which saw and knew this wondrous wast,
Perceiu'd his treasure long time could not last.

And thus whilst Fortune friendly cast my Dice,
And tooke my hazard, and threw at the maine,
I saw it was but folly to be nice,
That chaunceth once, that seldome haps againe.
I knew such bounty had been seldom seen,
And since his time, I think hath neuer been.

And now the Barrons which repynd before,
Because I was too lauish of the treasure,
And saw my wast consuming ten times more,
Which doth so far exceed all bonds of measure,
This (as a knife) theyr very hart-strings cuts,
And gnawes them like the Collick in the guts.

Thus (all in vaine,) they seek to stop the source,
For presently it ouer-flowes the bounds,
Yet well perceiue, if thus it held his course,
No question then, the Common wealth it drowns :
And thus lyke men that tread an endlesse Maze,
Whilst Fortune sports, the world stands at a gaze.

Like

Peirs Gauenston.

Like Souldiers in a Towne surpriz'd by night,
Ouer their heads the houses set on fire,
Sure to be slayne in issuing out to fight,
Or els be burned if they doe retyre:

Some curse the time, some other blame their fortune,
Whilst black Dispaire their deaths doth thus importune.

This gracious King, (which seemd to sleep the while,)
Finding the yron thus fully had his heat,
VVith sweet perswasions fitly frames his stile:
Which in theyr wits doth such a temper beate,
VVith kindest lookes, and sweetest vowes of loue,
As were of force a Rock of flint to moue.

His clowdy frownes be turnd to sun-shine smyles,
And those on whom he lowerd, he friendly graces,
Theyr moody cheer, with sporting he beguiles,
His Lyons lookes, be turnd to sweet imbraces,
That with his will, theyr thoughts seeme to accord,
Such is the loue of subiects to their Lord.

And hauing found his kindnes tooke effect,
He followeth on the quest with hote pursute,
Nor day, nor night, he doth the same neglect,
Vntil the graff was growne to bring forth fruite:
And that the Barrons all with might and maine,
Now condescend to call me home againe.

○

Piers Gaueston.

O frayle and flyding state of earthly things,
Blind Fortune, chance, worlds mutability,
Aduancing pesants, and debasing Kings,
Od hap, good luck, or star-bred destinie:
Which stil doest fawne, and flatter me so oft,
Novv casts me downe, then sett'ft me vp aloft.

In all post-hast, the King to Ireland sent
His Princely Letters, for my safe returne,
To England now I must in continent,
It seemes that time all malice hath out-worne.
The Coast is cleer, occasion cals away,
The gale stands right, and driues me from the Bay.

My whistling sayles make musick with the wind,
The boystrous waues doe homage to mine eyes,
The brutish sort of *Eols* Imps seeme kind,
And all the clowdes abandoning the skyes
Now louely *Ladas* egg-borne twins appeare:
Towards *Albyons* cliues faire Fortune guides my steere.

The King is come to Chester, where he lyes,
The Court prepared to receiue me there
In all the pompe that wit could well deuise:
As since that time was seldome scene elſwhere.
Where setting once my dainty foote on land,
He thought him blest that might but kisse my hand.

In

Peirs Gaueston.

In pleasures there we spend the nights and dayes,
And with our reuels entertaine the time,
With costly Banquets, Masks, and stately Playes,
Painting our loues in many a pleasing rime.

With rarest Musick, and sweet-tuned voyces,
(In which the soule of man so much reioyces.)

Like as the famous braue *Egyptian* Queene,
Feasted the Romane great *Mark Anthony*,
With Pearl-disolu'd carouses, seldom scene,
Seru'd all in vessell of ritch *Iuory*:

Such was the sumptuous banquets he prepar'd,
In which no cost or curious thing was spard.

Or like the *Trojan Pryam*, when as he
Beheld his long-lost sonn returne to *Troy*,
Tryumphing now in all his iolitic,
Proud *Ilion* smokes with th'orges of his ioy,

Such are our feasts and stately tryumphs heer,
Which with applauses, sound in euery eare.

Departing thence from *Chesters* pleasant side,
Towards *London* now we trauel with delight,
VWher euery Citty likewise doth prouide
To entertaine vs, with some pleasing sight:

Tyl all our trayne at length to *London* comes,
VWher naught is hard, but Trumpets, bels and drums.

H.

As

Piers Gaueston.

As when *Paulus Aemilius* entred Roome,
And like great *Ioue*, in starlike tryumph came,
Honored in Purple by the Senats doome,
Laden with gold, and crowned with his fame.

Such seems our glory now in all mens eyes,
Our friendship honored with applaudities.

Or when old *Phillips* time still-wondred son,
In his worlds conquest surfetting with spoiles,
The scourge of Kings, returns to Babilon,
To sport and banquet after all his toiles,
Such is our glory in our London Court,
Whereto all Nations dailie make resort.

And thus blind Fortune lulls mee in her lap,
And rocks mee still, with many a Syrens song,
Thus plac'd mee on the *Atlas* of my hap.
From which shee means to cast mee downe ere long.

Black vgly fiend, O foule mishapen euill,
In shew an Angel, but in deed a diuel.

Euen as a Lyon got into his pawes
The silly Lambe, seems yet a while to play,
Till seeking to escape out of his iawes,
This beastly King now tears it for his pray.

Thus hauing got mee in her armes so fast,
Determins now to feed on mee at last.

Or

Peirs Gaweiston.

Or as the slaughter-man doth fat the beast,
Which afterward he meaneth shall be slayne,
Before prouided to some solemne feast,
The more therby he may increase his gaine,
Loe, thus proud Fortune feeds mee for the knife,
For which (it seems) shee had prepard my life.

For thus ere long, between the King and mee,
As erst before, our reuels now begin,
And now the Barrons taste theyr misery,
Opening theyr eyes, which makes them see theyr sin,
The plague once past, they neuer felt the sores,
Till thus againe it haps within theyr dores.

Like as a man made drunk with foule excess,
Drowning his soule in thys vile lothly vice,
Once being sober, sees his beastliness,
Buying repentance with so deer a price ;
Thus they perceiue the bondage they posselt,
In condisending to the King request.

The damned Furies heer vnbong the source,
From whence the *Lethe* of my vertues burst,
The black-borne Fates heere labour in that course,
By which my lyfe and fortune came accurst.
My death in that star-guiders doome concealed,
Now in the browes of heauen may be reuealed.

Peirs Gaweſton.

My youth ſpurrs on my fraile vntam'd deſire,
Yeelding the raynes to my laſciuious will,
Vpon the Iſe I take my ful careire,
The place too ſlippery, and my manidge ill,
Thus like a Colt, in danger to be caſt,
Yet ſtill runn on, the diuel driues ſo faſt.

Now wandring in a Laborinth of error,
Loſt in my pride, no hope of my returne,
Of ſin and ſhame my life a perfect mirror,
No ſpark of vertue once is ſeen to burne.
Nothing there was could be diſcernd in me,
But beaſtly luſt, and cenſualitie.

Black *Hecate* chaunts on her night-ſpell charmes,
Which caſt me firſt into this deadly ſleep,
Whilſt fier-eyd *Ate* clips me in his armes,
And hayles me down to dark *Herebus* deep.
Foule ſleep-god *Morpheus*, curtains vp the light,
And ſhuts my ſame in euer laſting night.

The fixed ſtarrs in their repugnacie,
Had full concluded of theſe endles iarrs,
And nature by ſome ſtrange Antipathy,
Had in our humors bred continuall warrs.
Or the ſtar-ceeled heauens by fatall doome,
Ordaind my troubles in my Mothers wombe.

Some

Peirs Gaueston.

Some hellish hagg in thys inchaunted cup,
Out of the Tun of pryde this poyson drew,
And those hote cinders which were raked vp,
Into the nostrils of the Nobles blew.

Who now caroused to my funerall,
And (with a vengeance) I must pledge them all.

And now brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boyled in theyr blood,
Which neither tyme nor reason could asswage:
But like to men growne lunatick and wood,
My name and fame, they seeke to scandalize,
And roote the same from all posterities.

They all affyrme, my Mother was a Witch,
A filthy hagg, and burnt for sorcery:
And I her son, and sitting with her pitch,
Shee had bequeath'd her damned Art to mee.
Thys rumor in the peoples eares they ring,
That (for my purpose) I bewicht the King.

They say, that I conuayd beyond the Sea,
The Table and the tressels all of gold,
King *Arthurs* reliques, kept full many a day,
The which to *Windsor* did belong of old.
In whose faire margent (as they did surmize,)
Merlin ingraued many prophecies.

Peirs Gaueston.

Some slaunderous tongues, in spightful manner sayd,
That heer I liu'd in filthy sodomy,
And that I was King Edwards Ganemed,
And to this sinn hee was intic'd by mee.

And more, (to wreck their spightfull deadly reene,)
Report the same to *Isabel* the Queene.

A Catilogue of tytles they begun,
With which I had the Noble men abus'd,
Which they auouch't I neuer durst haue done,
If by the King I had not been excus'd.

And swore, that he maintaind against the state,
A monster, which both God and man did hate.

They swore, the King subbornd my villanie,
And that I was his instrument of vice,
The means wherby he wrought his tyranny,
That to his chaunce I euer cast the dice;

And with most bitter execrations ban,
The tyme in which, our friendship first began,

Loe, heer drawes on my drery dismall hower,
The dolefull peryod of my desteny,
Heer doth approch the black and vgly shower,
Hence flowes the Deluge of my misery.

Heer comes the clowde that shuts vp all my light,
My lowring Winter, and eternall night.

The

Peirs Gaueston.

The angry Barrons now assembled were,
And no man left that on my part durst stand,
Before the Popes pernicious Legate there,
They forced mee for to abiure the Land.

Forcing the King to further their intent,
By solemne oth vpon the Sacrament.

Vpon the holie Sacrament hee swears,
Although (God knowes) ful much against his will,
So ouer-come with silence, sighes, and teares,
To make a sword the which himselfe should kill.
And being done, (in doing then not long,)
He seemes to curse his hand, his hart, his tongue.

Like to a man that walking in the grasse,
Vpon a Serpent suddainlie doth tread,
Plucks back his foote, and turnns away his face,
His couller fading, pale as he were dead:
Thus hee the place, thus he the act doth shun,
Lothing to see, what he before had done.

Or as a man mistaking a receite,
Some death-strong poyson happely doth taste,
And euery howre the vigor doth awaite,
Apald with feare, now standeth all agast.
Thus stands he trembling in an extasie,
Too sick to liue, and yet too strong to die.

Hce

Peirs Gaweston.

Hee takes his Crowne, and spurnns it at his feet,
His princely robes hee doth in peeces tearē,
Hee straight commaunds the *Queene* out of his sight,
Hee tuggs and rents his golden-tressed haire.

He beates his breast, and sighes out pittious groans,
Spending the day in tears, the night in moans.

Lyke as the furious Paladine of Fraunce,
Forsaken of *Angelica* the fayre,
So like a Bedlam in the fields doth daunce,
With shouts and clamors, filling all the ayre,
Tearing in peeces what so ere hee caught,
With such a furie is the King distraught.

Or when the wofull Thrace-borne *Hecuba*,
Saw Troy on fire, and *Pryams* fatall doome,
Her sonns all slayne, her deer *Polixina*,
There sacrificized on *Achilles* Tombe,
Euen like a Bore, her angry tusks doth whet,
Scratching and byting all that ere shee met.

With fearefull visions frighted in his bed,
Which seemes to hym a very thorny brake,
VVith vgly shapes which way he turnns his head:
And when from sleep hee euer doth awake,
Hee then againe with weeping mournfull cryes,
In grieve of soule, complains hys miseries.

Hee

Peir's Gaueston.

Hee wants disgesture, and refrains his rest,
His eyes ore-watched like eclipsed sunns,
With bitter passions is his soule opprest,
And through his eyes, his brayne disolued runns.
And after silence, when with payne he speakes,
A suddaine sigh his speech in sunder breakes.

Hee starteth vp, and Gaueston doth call,
Then stands hee still, and lookes vpon the ground,
Then like one in an Epileps doth fall,
As in a Spasmo, or a deadly sound ;
Thus languishing in payne, and lingering euer,
In the Symptoma of his pyning feuer.

Lyke to a flower that droupeth in a frost,
Or as a man in a Consumption pyning,
Staynd like a Cloth that hath his culler lost,
Or Poets-worne Lawrell when shee is declyning :
Or lyke a Pecoock washed in the rayne,
Trayling adowne his starry-eyed trayne.

To *Belgia* I crosse the narrow seas,
And in my breast a very sea of grieve,
Whose tide-full surges neuer giue me ease,
For heauen and earth hath shut vp all reliefe,
The ayre doth threaten vengeance for my crime,
Clotho drawes out the thred of all my time.

L

Like

Peirs Gaueston.

Like as that wicked Brother-killing *Caine*,
Flying the presence of his mighty God,
Accurst to die, forbidden to be slaine,
A vagabond, and wandring still abroad.

In *Flanders* thus I trauell all alone,
Still seeking rest, yet euer finding none.

Or as the Monarch of great *Babilon*,
Whose monstrous pride the Lord did so detest,
As hee out-cast him from his princely throne,
And in the field hee wandred like a beast.

Companion with the Oxe and lothly As,
Staru'd with the cold, and feeding on the grasse.

Thus doe I change my habite and my name,
From place to place, I pass vnknowne of any;
But swift report so far had spred my fame,
I hear my life and youth controld of many;
The bouzing Flemings in their boistrous tongue,
Still talking on me as I pass along.

O wretched, vile, and miserable man,
Besotted so with worldly vanitie,
When as thy life is but a verie span,
Yet euerie howre full of calamitie.

Begot in sinn, and following still the game,
Liuing in lust, and dying oft with shame.

Now

Peirs Gaueston.

Now working meansto haue intelligence,
By secrete Letters from my Lord the King,
How matters stood since I departed thence,
And of the tearms and state of euery thing,
I cast about which way I might deuise,
(In spight of all) once more to play my prize.

And still relying on King Edwards loue,
To whom before my life had been so deere,
Whose constancie my fortune made me proue;
And to my Brother, Earle of Gloucester,
And to my wife, who labored tooth and naile,
My abiuration how shee might appeale.

I now embarck mee in a Flemish Hoy,
Disguised in the habite of a Muffe,
Attended thus with neyther man nor boy,
But on my back a little bagg of stuffe:
Like to a Souldier that in Campe of late,
Had been imployd in seruice with the state.

And safely landed on thys blessed shore,
Towards *Windsor* thus disguis'd I tooke my way,
Wheras I had intelligence before,
My wife remaind, and there my *Edward* lay.
My deereft wife, to whom I sent my ring,
Who made my comming known vnto the King.

Peirs Gaueston.

As when old-youthful *Eson* in his glass,
Saw from his eyes the cheerfull lightning sprung,
When as Art-spell *Medea* brought to pass,
By hearbs and charms, againe to make him young,
Thus stood King *Edward*, ravisht in the place,
Fixing his eyes vpon my louely face.

Or as Muse-meruaile *Hero*, when she clips,
Her deer *Leanders* byllow-beaten limms,
And with sweet kisses seazeth on his lips,
When for her sake deep *Hellespont* he swimms,
Might by our tender-deer imbracings proue,
Fayre *Heros* kindnes, and *Leanders* loue.

Or like the twifold-twynned *Geminy*,
In their star-gilded gyrdle strongly tyed,
Chayn'd by their saffrond tresses in the sky,
Standing to guard the sun-coche in his pride.
Like as the Vine, his loue the Elme imbracing,
With nimble armes, our bodies interlacing.

The Barrons hearing how I was arriued,
And that my late abiurement naught preuailed,
By my returne, of all their hope deprived,
Theyr bedlam rage no longer now concealed:
But as hote coles once puffed with the wind,
Into a flame outbreacking by their kind.

Like

Piers Ganeſton.

Like to a man whose foote doth hap to light,
Into the neſt where ſtinging Hornets ly,
Vext with the ſpleen, and riſing with deſpight,
About his head theſe winged ſpirits fly.

Thus riſe they vp with mortall diſcontent,
By death to end my life and baniſhment.

Or like to ſouldiers in a Towne of war,
When Sentinell the enemy diſcries,
Affrighted with this vnexpected iar,
All with the fearefull Larum-bell ariſe,

Thus muſter they ; (as Bees doe in a hyue,
The idle Drone out of their combes to dryue.)

It ſeemd the earth with heauen grew malecontent,
Nothing is hard but warrs and Armors ringing,
New ſtratagems each one doth now inuent,
The Trumpets ſhril their warlike poynts be ſinging,
Each ſouldiour now, his creſted plume aduances,
They manidge horſes, and they charge their launces.

As when vnder a vaſt and vaulty rooſe,
Some great aſſembly happily appears,
A man (from thence) that ſtandeth out a looſe,
A murmuring confuſed rumor hears.

Such is the noyſe, from earth to heauen rebounding,
With ſtrikes and clamors euery where reſounding.

Peirs Gaueston.

Lyke as the Ocean chafing with hys bounds,
With raging billowes flies against the Rocks,
And to the shore sends forth his hydeous sounds,
Making the earth to tremble with his shocks;
Euen thus the murmur flies from shore to shore,
Lyke to the Canons battering fearefull rore.

By day and night attended still with spyes,
The Court become the cause of al our woes,
The Country now a Campe of enemies,
The Citties, all be-peopled with our foes.
Our very beds are snares made to enwrap vs,
Our surest guard (as Traytors) doe intrap vs.

Like to a cry of roring-mouthed hounds,
Rouzing the long-liu'd stagge out of his layre,
Pursue the chase through vastie Forrest grounds,
So lyke a thunder ratling in the ayre,
Thus doe they hunt vs, still from coast to coast,
Most hated now, of those we loued most.

Thys gracious Prince loe thus becomes my guide,
And with a Conuoy of some chosen friends,
Brings mee to Yorke, where being fortified,
To *Balioll* the King of Scots hee sends,
And to the Welchmen, crauing both their ayde,
That by their help the Barrons might be stayd.

But

Piers Ganeſton.

But they which in their buſines neuer ſlept,
And (as it ſeemd) had well fore-ſeen thys thing,
Cause all the Ports and Marches to be kept,
That none ſhould enter once to ayde the King:
And by diſſwaſiue Letters ſtill deuſe,
To ſtay theyr neighbors from this enterprize.

Loe, in this fort the King and I betrayd,
And to their wills thus left as wofull thralls,
And finding now no further hope of ayde,
We ſhut vs vp within Yorkes aged walls,
Vntill we knew the Barrons full intent,
And what all this rude hurly burly meant.

This gracious King, for want of wonted reſt,
Fallen in theſe paſſions to an extaſie,
With grieuous ſicknes is ſo ſore oppreſt,
And grown in time to ſuch extreamity,
As he is forced to depart away,
To take the ayre awhile vpon the Sea.

From *Bedford* now (the ſynod of their ſhame,
The counſell houſe of all their villany,)
Theſe bloody Barrons with an Army came,
Downe vnto *York*, where they beſieged mee :
That now not able to reſiſt their might,
Am forſt perforce, to flye away by night.

To

Peirs Gaueston.

To Scarborough with speed away I post,
With that small force the Citty then could lend me,
The strongest Castell there in all the coast,
And (as I thought) the surest to defend me,
Where as I might withstand them by my power,
Hoping the Kings returning euery howre.

But now, like to a fousing suddaine raine,
Forc'd by a strong and sturdy easterne blast,
Or (like a hayle-storme) downe they come amaine,
And in the Castell gert me now so fast,
No way to scape, nor hope for mee to flie,
My choyce was hard, or yeeld my selfe, or die.

Away thus (like a prysoner) am I led,
My costly robes in peeces rent and torne,
Bound hand and foote, my haire disheuiled,
Naked and bare as euer I was borne,
Saue but for shame, to stop the peoples cryes,
With grieve am clothed of mine enemies.

Along the Land, toward Oxford they conuay mee,
Like bauling currs, they all about mee houle:
With words of foule reproch they now repay mee,
Wondring my shame, as byrds doe at an Owle.
Cursing my life, my manners, and my birth,
A scourge of God, ordaind to plague the earth.

The

Peirs Gaueston.

The King, now hearing how I was arested,
And knew my quarrell cause of all this strife,
He writes, he sends, he sues, he now requested,
Vsing all means he could to saue my life:

With vowes and othes, that all should be amended,
If that my death alone might be suspended.

And being brought to *Dedington* at last,
By *Aymer Valence*, Earle of *Pembrook* then,
Who towards King *Edward* rode in all the hast,
And left mee guarded safelie by his men.

This gentle Earle with meer compassion moued,
For *Edwards* sake, whom hee so deerly loued.

But now *Guy Beuchampe*, whom I feared still,
The Earle of *Warwick*, whom I called curr,
Hauing fit time to execute his will,
The Foxe thus caught, he vowes to teare my furr.

And he for whom so oft he sett the trap,
By good ill luck, is fallen into his lap.

This bloody *Beuchampe*, (I may tearme him so,)
For this was he that onely sought my blood,
Now at the vp-cast of mine ouer-throw,
And on the chaunce wheron my fortune stood,
To *Dedington* hee came, where as I lay,
(And by his force, hee tooke mee thence away.

Piers Gaueston.

To *Warwick* thus along hee doth mee bring,
And keeps me guarded in the Castell there,
And doubting now my succour from the King,
Hee rayseth vp the power of *Warwick-shiere*.

Thus from the Towne, to *Blacklow* I was led,
And on a Scaffold there, I lost my head.

Loe, heer the point and sentence of my time,
My liues full stop, my last Catastrophe,
The stipend of my death-deserued cryme,
The Scene that ends my wofull tragedy.

My latest *Vale*, knitting my conclusion,
Mine vtter ruine, and my fames confusion.

Like as *Adonis* wounded with the Bore,
From whose fresh hurt the life-warne blood doth spin,
Now lyeth wallowing in his purple gore,
Stayning his faire and Alablaster skin :

My headles bodie in the blood is left,
Now lying breathles, and of life bereft.

O now my Muse, put on thy Eagles wings,
O lend some comfort to my tired ghost,
And with *Apollos* dolefull-tuned strings,
Now help at need, for now I need thee most.

Sorrow posses my hart, mine eyes, myne ears,
My breath consume to sighs, my braine to tears.

My

Peirs Gäueston.

My soule now in the heauens eternall glasse,
Beholds the scarrs and botches of her sin,
How filthy, vglie, and deformd shee was,
The lothsome dunghill that shee wallowed in.
Her pure Creator sitting in his glory,
With eyes of iustice to peruse her storie.

Like as a stagge at bay amongst the hounds,
The bloodie Mott still sounding in his ears,
Feeling his breath diminish by his wounds,
Poures downe his gummy life-preseruing tears;
Euen thus my soule, now bayted by my sin,
Consuming shewes the sorrow shee is in.

Thus comfortles, forsaken and alone,
All worldlie things vnstable, and vnure,
By true contrition flies to him alone,
In whose compare, the heauens are most impure.
By whose iust doome, to blessed soules reuealed,
Shee gets her passport to *Elisia* sealed.

And by repentance, finds a place of rest,
Where passing to the faire *Elisian* plaine,
Shee is aloud her roome amongst the blest,
In those Ambrosian shadowes to remaine.
Till summond thus by Fame, shee is procur'd,
To tell my life that hath been thus obscur'd.

Peirs Gaueston.

This monster now, this many-headed beast,
The people, more vnconstant then the wind,
Who in my life, my life did so detest,
Now in my death, are of another mind:
And with the fountains from their teareful eyes,
Doe honor to my latest obsequies.

Star-holding heauen hath shut vp all her light,
Nature become a stepdam to her owne,
The mantled trouch-man of the Rauen-hued night,
In mournfull Sables clad the Horizon.
The sky-borne Planets seeming to conspire,
Against the ayre, the water, earth, and fire.

Pearle-paued *Auon*, in her streamfull course,
With heauy murmure floting on the stones,
Mou'd with lament to pittie and remorse,
Attempering sad musick to my moans,
Tuning her billowes to *Zephyrus* breath,
In watry language doth bewaile my death.

Oke-shadowed *Arden*, fild with bellowing cries,
Resounding through her holts and hollow grounds,
To which the Eccho euer-more replies,
And to the fields sends forth her hideous sounds,
And in her *Siluan* rude vntuned songs,
Makes byrds, and beasts, for to expresse my wrongs.

The

Piers Gaueston.

The heauen-dyed flowers in this happy clyme,
Mantling the Medowes in their Summers pride,
As in the wofull frostie winter time,
Drouping with faintnes, hold their heads aside.

The boystrous storms, dispoile the greenest greues,
Stripping the Trees stark naked of their leanes.

Death clad in liueries of my louely cheeks,
Layd in those beds of Lillyes and of Roses,
Amaz'd with meruaile, heere for wonders seeks,
Where he alone a Paradise supposes,
Grew malcontent, and with himselfe at strife,
Not knowing now if hee were death or life.

And shutting vp the casements of those lyghts,
Which like two sunns, so sweetly went to rest,
In those faire globes he saw those heauenly sights,
In which alone he thought him onely blest.
Cursing himselfe, who had depriued breath,
From that which thus could giue a life in death.

With palenes touching that fayre rubied lip,
Now waxing purple, like *Adonis* flower,
Where Iuory walls those rocks of Curral keep,
From whence did flow that Nectar-streaming shower,
There earth-pale Death refresht his tired limms,
Where *Cupid* bath'd hym in those Chrystall brimms.

Peirs Gaueston.

And entring now into that house of glory,
That Temple with sweet Odors long perfumed,
Where nature had ingraued many a story,
In Letters, which by death were not consumed.

Accursed now, his crueltie he curst,
That Fame should liue, when he had done hys worst.

Now when the King had notice of my death,
And that hee saw his purpose thus preuented,
In greeuous sighes hee now consumes his breath,
And into tears his very eyes relented:

Cursing that vile and mercy-wanting age,
And breakes into this passion in his rage.

O heauens (quoth hee) lock vp the liuing day,
Cease sunn to lend the world thy glorious light,
Starrs, flye your course, and wander all astray,
Moone, lend no more thy siluer shine by night.

Heauens, starrs, Sunn, Moone, conioyne you all in one,
Reuenge the death of my sweet Gaueston.

Earth, be thou helples in thy creaturs berth,
Sea, break thou forth from thy immaured bound,
Ayre, with thy vapors poyson thou the earth,
Wind, break thy Caue, and all the world confound.

Earth, sea, ayre, wind, conioyne you all in one,
Bewaile the death of my sweet Gaueston.

You

Peirs Gaueston.

You sauage beasts, that haunt the way-lesse woods,
You Birds delighted in your Siluan sound,
You scaly Fish, that swim in pleasant floods,
You hartlesse Wormes that creep vpon the ground,
Beasts, birds, fish, wormes, each in your kind alone,
Reuenge the death of my sweet Gaueston.

Faire Medowes, be you withered in the prime,
Sun-burnt and bare, be all the goodly Mountains,
Groues, be you leauelesse in the Summer time,
Pitchy and black be all the Christall Fountains:
All things on earth, each in your kind alone,
Reuenge the death of my sweet Gaueston.

You damned Furies, break your *Stigian* Cell,
You wandring spirits, in water, earth, and ayre,
Lead-boyling ghosts, that liue in lowest hell,
Gods, diuels, men, vnto mine ayde repayre,
Come all at once, conioyne you all in one,
Reuenge the death of my sweet Gaueston.

Eyes, neuer sleep, vntill you see reuenge,
Head, neuer rest, vntill thou plot reuenge,
Hart, neuer think, but tending to reuenge,
Hands, neuer act, but acting deep reuenge.
Iust-dooming heauens, reuenge mee from aboue,
That men vnborne may wonder at my loue.

You

Peirs Gaueston.

You peerles Poets of ensuing times,
Chanting Heroique Angel-tuned notes,
Or humble Pastors Nectar-filled lines,
Driuing your flocks with musick to their coats,
Let your hie-flying Muses still bemoane,
The wofull end of my sweet Gaueston.

My earth-pale body now enbalmd with tears,
To famous Oxford solemnly conuaid,
There buried by the ceremonious Friers,
Where for my soule was many a Trentall said.
With all those rites my obsequies behoued,
Whose blind deuotion, time and truth reproued.

But ere two yeeres were out and fully dated,
This gracious King who still my fame respected,
My wasted bones to *Langley* thence translated,
And ouer mee a stately Tombe erected.
Which world-deuouring Time, hath now out-worne,
As but for Letters, were my name forlorne.

My ghost now hence to *Ankor* shall repayre,
Where once the same appeared vnto thee:
And vnto chaste *Idea* tell my care,
A sacrifice both for thy selfe and mee.
In whose sweet bosome all the Muses rest,
In whose aspect our Clyme is onely blest.

Thus

20

Peirs Gaueston.

Thus hauing told my dreery dolefull tale,
My time expir'd, I now returne againe,
Where *Carons* Barge hoyst with a merrie gale,
Shall land mee on the faire *Elisian* plaine :

Where, on the Trees of neuer dying fame,
There will I carue *Ideas* sacred name.

And thou sweet *Dorus*, whose sole Phoenix Muse,
With *Pegase* wings doth mount vnto the sky,
Whose lines the gods are fittest to peruse.

My louelie *Dorus*, lend thine humble eye,
To my harsh stile, (deer friend) at my request,
In whose conceit my verse is onely blest.

My deer *Mæcenas*, lend thine eyes awhile,
From *Meredian's* sun-bred stately straine :

And from thy rare and lofty flying stile,
Looke downe into my low and humble vaine :

On this same babe my Muse hath now brought forth,
Till shee present thee with some lines of worth.

FINIS.

Diuers haue been the opinions, of the byrth and first
rysing of *Gaueston*, (amongst the VVriters of these
latter times:) some omitting things worthy of me-
mory, some inferring things without probabilitie , disa-
greeing in many particulars, and cauelling in the circum-
stances of his sundry banishments ; which hath bred some

L.

doubt

doubt amongst those who haue but slightly run ouer the History of his fortune, seeing euery man roue by his owne ayme in this confusion of opinions: Although most of the concluding in generall, of his exceeding credite with the King, of the maner of his death, and of the pompe wherein he lyued. Except some of those VVriters who lyued in the tyme of *Edward* the second, wherein he onely florisht, or immediatly after, in the golden raigne of *Edward* the third, when as yet his memory was fresh in euery mans mouth: whose authorities (in myne opinion) can hardlie be reprobued of any, the same beeing within the compasse of possibility, and the Authors names extant, auouching what they haue written. On whom I onely relyed in the plot of my History; hauing recourse to some especiall collections; gathered by the industrious labours of *John Stow*, a diligent Chronigrapher of our time. A man very honest, exceeding painfull, and ritch in the antiquities of this Ile: yet omitting some small things of no moment, fearing to make his Tragedy more troublesome, amongst so many currants as haue fallen out in the same: framing my selfe to fashion a body of a hystorie, without maim or deformitie. VVhich if the same be accepted thankfully, as I offer it willingly, in contenting you, I onely satisfie my selfe.

M. D.

